

What Happens in Norway, Stays in Norway

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Summary: University AU: Traveling abroad to study in Norway was their ultimate dream. Having an incredibly attractive, smart, young professor was amazing. What happened in Norway that spring semester? You know what they say: What happens in Norway, stays in Norway. But perhaps, what if there's more to it than just that? Find out what happens! Slight DenIce. NorIce. DenNor. DenNorIce.

1. Chapter 1

****What Happens in Norway, Stays in Norway****

A/N: This chapter was a collab between The Rain in Reykjavik and CuteArtsyDoll

Any people or places that are in this story are merely coincidental.

Disclaimer: I do not own Hetalia.

Okay, I think that just about covers everything.

Thank you and enjoy!

Chapter One

* * *

><p>Two light indigo eyes scanned carefully over the words of confirmation to the spring semester study abroad program in Norway. He couldn't resist the smile that spread on his lips as he placed his silver laptop to the side. He nestled on his twin sized bed in his dorm, feeling absolutely content. There was nothing but silence and the sound of his fan blowing cool air on his face. Other than that, he planned to rest well tonight. He used to have a roommate, however, they graduated last semester. He loved his independence, so the

absence of another individual was not unsettling.<p>

It was nearing midnight and his flight was early in the morning. He knew, according to his calculations, that he was going to get maybe five hours of sleep tonight. Closing his tired eyes after getting comfortable, he switched off the lights next to his bed and dozed off.

Even after this careful planning, he managed to get up exactly twenty minutes before he had to leave. The alarm hadn't gone off. He scrambled to pack his bags, pushing folded sweaters into his suitcase and brushing his teeth at the same time. Shortly after he finished with his suitcase and rinsing out his foamy mouth, he swiftly raked his comb through his hair in a weak attempt to tame his previous bedhead hairstyle. Regardless, if he was pressed for time or not, Emil was going to take a minute to at least look presentable.

After a half-eaten plate of eggs, three runs back to his dorm room to grab his phone, his keys, the laptop charger, he pulled his suitcase and his backpack with him to the taxi. He hurriedly asked the friendly man in the front to take him to the airport, and then he finally relaxed. Norway was going to be great, and he was going to get there on time. And everything was going to be just fine.

Upon arriving to the destination, he paid the taxi driver and bid him a farewell before darting off towards the airport sliding doors. He managed to locate a group of familiar faces from his university. Catching up to them, he stumbled forward when someone hugged him from behind unexpectedly.

"Emil!" Mathias exclaimed excitedly, lifting the Icелander a foot off of the ground, "I thought you were going to miss your only chance to study in Norway." Emil chuckled softly, rolling his eyes at Mathias's assumptions. "I'm here, aren't I?" He asked with a hint of sarcasm in his voice that Mathias failed to acknowledge.

"Yeah, well," Mathias said, just as oblivious as ever, "you're almost late, so we thought either ya got lost on the way or you didn't come at all!" He laughed heartily and released Emil from his arms, still grinning widely.

Emil turned and huffed at him. "It's important to me. So I guess you're right about one thing," he mumbled.

All of the students in the study abroad program formed a single line, awaiting the security procedures. Emil sighed out with a slight feeling of fatigue as he fished out his cellphone from his pocket. As he swiped through his text messages, he sensed someone quite literally breathing down his neck. Cautiously turning his head, he rolled his eyes at his annoying friend, Mathias. "Do you mind?"

Mathias shrugged, scratching the back of his head. "There's not much else to do, man. And unless you're texting a boyfriend or something..." He laughed at the blush at Emil's face. "Nah, I'm kidding, I get it. Sorry."

'He's so cute,' Mathias thought to himself, peering over Emil's shoulder to confirm whether he was single or not. Sensing the taller blonde standing closer, he leaned back sharply to bump him out of his

personal bubble. "Oh, come on, Emil!" The said Icелander sighed with a small blush and muttered, "This is going to be a long trip."

Soon they were checked by security and followed through with the other procedures. All of the students boarded the plane and Emil found himself sitting next to the window with an excited Dane too close for comfort.

Instead of listening to his colleague blather about his excitement, the twenty one year old drowned him out with his music blasting against his eardrums. Feeling increasingly satisfied with the selection of music playing, he closed his heavy eyes and decided to catch up on a few more hours of sleep before they landed in Oslo, Norway.

Emil grunted as he was woken up by the Dane poking his cheek repeatedly. "Wake up, Emil! We landed in Norway!" Other students started to stare at the flustered Icелander and obnoxious Dane. "Hey, you don't have to be so close to me!" Emil pushed Mathias's body, which was practically pressed up against his, and stood up to collect his personal belongings from the cabinet above them.

After all of the students formed a group in the area to collect their luggage, Emil chuckled at the different language posted here and there. He would definitely have to work on his Norwegian. All of the students that are studying here with him and Mathias had to take a semester of Norwegian.

Eventually, Emil was interrupted from his thoughts when Mathias started to guide him towards the luggage drop off that was ejecting suitcases and bags onto the conveyor belt. "There is mine!" Mathias exclaimed, snatching his suitcase from the conveyor belt and then grabbed Emil's suitcase. "Thanks," he smiled at the generous action and caused Mathias to blush slightly. "No problem, Emil. I do what I can, ya know?"

Finally they boarded the train that would lead them to the university in Oslo. Mathias purposely stood close behind Emil just to ruffle his feathers. He knew how to annoy his younger colleague.

One of the sponsors announced as the train came to a halt at their stop, "Be sure to partner up with another student. This will be your roommate. I don't want to see any girls and guys pairing up." Some of the students groaned, but the others knew that it was logical.

Emil tried his best to avoid Mathias' gaze, casting his eyes desperately around to find someone he knew that he could possibly pair up with. Just the thought of pairing up with Mathias for an entire semester and sharing a room with him was abhorrent.

"Hey, buddy, looks like it's you and me!" But it was to no avail; the Dane wrapped an arm around him and pulled him way too close for comfort, holding him there in an iron grip. Everyone else had already found a roommate and Mathias had clearly wasted no time in claiming Emil as his own. Great.

"Yeah, whatever," Emil mumbled, avoiding Mathias' gaze again. He diverted his attention to the mountains beyond the train, and the sun shining weakly over the snow-capped peaks. It was nowhere near strong enough to be even remotely warm, but somehow just being here, in a

place he'd wanted to travel to his whole life, made him feel warm inside.

Yeah. The flowers were blooming, finally; the snow was melting away and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. He'd picked an excellent day to arrive. Already having previous knowledge of Norway's weather, he hoped the sun would hold out at least through the week. He'd need an excuse to get outside and away from Mathias.

Sooner or later, they finally arrived at their destination: the International University of Norway. They were mostly business students, who arrived to further their goals and create new friendships with the Norwegians. "Well, here we are!" Mathias always had to point out the obvious. 'No shit, captain obvious...' He thought sarcastically to himself with a roll of his eyes.

Mathias laughed, ruffling his friend's hair. "Lighten up, dude," he said bracingly, as though reading Emil's mind. "It's gonna be fun."

Emil bit back a retort- How fun could it possibly be if Mathias was gonna be with him the whole damn time?- but he had to admit the man was right. Once he settled in, it was going to be great. He'd heard many great things about the university; it was brand-new and was very welcoming to everyone. Even if he wasn't a business type, he felt certain he was going to settle right in.

As soon as the group of students arrived at the dorms, Mathias wrestled his way through to claim the dorm closest to the only lookout balcony. Since he is a strong, tall, former football player, he was quite intimidating until he opened his mouth to joke around. Emil hurried over towards his goofy roommate and thanked him for selecting the best dorm in the place.

Mathias yelled his welcome and Emil shrugged his way into the room. It was pleasantly large, with one bed on either side. The balcony overlooked the courtyard; Emil could see the mountains past it. At least Mathias had done one thing right.

Turning away from the window, Emil decided to unpack his suitcase, carefully organizing his essentials in particular areas of the room. Mathias, on the other hand, unsurprisingly unloaded all of his already crumple clothing on the bed in one disorderly motion.

"Seriously?" Emil mumbled, giving his new roommate a withering look. "Did you not have more than half a minute to pack?"

"Yeah," Mathias shot back over his shoulder as he moved to the closet to throw his clothes in. "But I guess it got tossed around a bit on the plane or somethin'." He threw the closet shut and fell back onto the bed that was the furthest from the window, patting the covers. "Ahh, this one's comfortable. You'd rather be next to the window, right, Emil?"

Emil allowed a small smile to grace his lips, "I suppose." He proceeded to decorate the wall above his bed with an antique Icelandic flag. He inherited it from his grandfather several years ago and waited until he left the country to represent his nationality. There was a prolonged silence and Mathias watched as

Emil leaned over the bed to straighten the flag out at the corners. He didn't mind the view of his friend's attractive figure. That was until Emil looked over his shoulder to catch Mathias gawking at his backside.

"It's a flag," Emil mumbled, completely missing where Mathias' gaze had been pointed. "What, too old for you or something?"

Mathias shut his mouth, shook his head, and grinned sheepishly. "Ah, no, no, that's not-" he coughed, running a nervous hand through his hair. "Nah, I'm just... You're all the way in Norway, like, 900 miles away from home, and you're still putting the flag up, that's nationalism, right there...! Yeah..."

"Which classes are you taking this semester?" Emil asked, breaking the silence as soon as he fell back into his bed with a following sigh. Humming briskly, Mathias checked his class schedule from his cellphone. "I have a Norwegian language course, general psychology, and a yoga course as my elective." Emil laughed softly to himself at the choice of classes. He knew Mathias reasonably well enough to distinguish the slight disgust of the Norwegian language in his face. "What about you?" Mathias inquired, feeling like he had the right to know since he disclosed his information. "I have the same classes actually." Mathias made a surprised noise that made Emil raise an eyebrow. "Surprised? Well, what did you expect? We're the only exchange students who are not majoring in business after all."

Mathias shrugged. "I guess you're right. It's just really cool, that's all!" And before Emil could open his mouth to say a word, Mathias had thrown an arm around him and pulled him close. "It'd be even better if we ended up in the same sections, huh? Then we'd be together all day!"

Emil bit back a gagging noise at the thought of that. Praying to every god he knew, he hoped that that wouldn't be the case- his classes were supposed to get him away from Mathias, not bring them closer. He'd just have to hope that he'd make a few friends in his classes to have an adequate excuse to get away from the annoying Dane.

Less than admirably pushing the Dane away, he stood up from his bed and decided to explore the campus. After all, he just arrived and sought to discovered unmarked territories. Mathias noticed Emil clasp the door handle and copied his previous action to follow him. "Why are you following me?" Emil huffed out, clearly annoyed when he felt Mathias's strong arm wrap around his shoulder. "Protecting ya," he stated in a confident tone, "ya know, since you are so adorable, someone might want to grab you and keep ya." Rolling his light indigo eyes, he made a snarky remark. "Maybe that was my intention." Mathias frowned slightly, but then replaced it with a goofy grin and shouted, "Don't deny yer feelings for me!" Other students glanced over at the pair at the sudden outburst and what happened next.

* * *

><p>AN: Please leave a review, because it motivates me to update faster. Slight DenIce for humor purposes. I promise there will be NorIce, DenNor, and possibly DenNorIce later on in the future chapters! Click that follow and favorite button on your way out,

please. See you soon~ ;)

2. Chapter 2

****What Happens in Norway, Stays in Norway****

Chapter 2

* * *

><p>"Mathias, put me down!" Emil demanded with urgency as Mathias swooped the Icелander off of his feet and into his muscular arms. "I'm only kidding with ya, Em!" He laughed carelessly as he placed Emil back onto his feet and proceeded to follow the irritated man around the student housing building. Even before they exited the building, Emil was not in the mood for Mathias' shenanigans. Clearly, Mathias was intent on pestering him as they journeyed more of the campus outside.<p>

Soon they located a navy blue bench near the food court area with several tables overlooking a peaceful scenery of the snow-capped mountains in the distance and Emil sighed a breath of relief. He actually was excited for tomorrow when his classes would begin. They settled on the bench in serene silence for a few peaceful moments, sighing at different times.

Mathias disrupted him from his thoughts and relaxed mood, "Hey, it looks like we have that Norwegian language class at ten to eleven tomorrow." Emil reeled out his cellphone to examine their class schedule and gave a nonchalant shrug. "Yoga is at noon to oneâ€¦| Looks like we can relax for an hour before going to our general psych class at two." Surprisingly, the classes were only an hour long, however, their classes repeated every day to achieve the registered credit hours. Of course they had weekends off, though.

"Wanna go grab something to eat, Emil?" Mathias inquired after hearing his own stomach grumbled like a grouchy old man. Shrugging, Emil felt the pang of hunger and when he stood up, that was basically a sign to take that course of action. "I guess I am pretty hungry," he admitted with a light blush over his cheeks when he felt the taller man wrap a strong arm around his shoulders. Yes, Mathias was definitely determined to provoke the Icелander until he couldn't endure it any longer.

The place of interest that they decided upon wasn't too busy; maybe a handful of students or so were satisfying their hunger after the long flight to Norway. A vast selection of healthy organic meals lined the shelves of the food store. Mathias grumbled at the labels that were mostly written in Norwegian.

"I really prefer Danish over Norwegian."

Emil snorted at his declaration, "You better get used to it. We have that Norwegian class tomorrow morning."

Reading over the tags and prices, Mathias smiled slightly. Fortunately, there were English translations. Despite English not being neither of their native languages, they both opted to learn English because it was universal, more or less. Mathias reached

blindly for something that looked seafood related and Emil settled for a simple salad with various toppings.

Once they paid for their meals, they followed each other outside and decided to eat in their dorm. It was becoming increasingly chilly as the sky started to darken over the mountains in the distance. Emil allowed a gentle smile to form on his lips and thought to himself with a shiver from the breeze, 'Wow, what a gorgeous sight.'

"Mmm," Mathias moaned in appreciate after taking the first bite of the foreign food and turned to look at Emil picking at the salad. He watched as the Iclander consumed his salad as he mindlessly nibble on the fish meat. Emil sent him a deadpan facial expression and fussed at him with a leaf hanging out of his mouth, "Stop staring! It bothers me."

"Okay, okay. My bad, Em!" He laughed out with particles of fish flying out and landing on his lap.

"Have you no manners at all?" Emil asked as he squinted and pulled his mouth into a tight line. He was already developing a headache from the Dane. And he had to spend an entire semester with this man child. Mathias, as expected, brushed off Emil's sassy attitude and licked his fingers clean with noisy, wet pop sounds in front of Emil's intensifying glare.

"Not even twenty four hours and I already want to get a new room-"

Mathias cut the annoyed male off with wide eyes and hurried words, "Emil, don't be rash! I was only messing with ya." Huffing out, Emil finished his salad, checked his cellphone for the time, and distractedly set the alarm to wake them up.

"We are waking up early, so you better go to sleep now," Emil notified the Danish man as he collected his trash to throw away in his metal trash bin.

"Don't worry so much. I'll wake up on time," Mathias waved off his warning as he disposed of his trash as well. After they settled into their own beds, Emil switched off the light on his side of the room by his bed. Mathias whispered a not so quiet, "Good night!" And Emil muttered goodnight back to him before falling asleep.

Morning sunlight peaked through the window blinds in the dorm as Emil's eyes blinked open. 'Wow, I feel refreshed,' Emil thought with a smile as he glanced over at Mathias still snoozing. He felt like something was off, like that feeling someone experiences when they are late for something important or they slept in. His eyes flew open and he nearly screeched at the time on his cellphone. "What the hell!" His alarm clock never sounded off and he groaned loudly when he noticed that it was never set to 'on'.

Like a good roommate, Emil jumped out of bed and shook Mathias less than considerately awake, making the receiver annoyed for once. "No, just five more minutes," he groaned as he swatted Emil away from him.

"No, we only have ten minutes to get ready and leave for class!" Mathias made an agreeing noise and then realization hit him like a

ton of bricks. "Oh shit!" He cursed as his clumsy self stumbled out of bed and nearly collided with Emil. "Why didn't ya wake me up?!"

Emil didn't feel like bickering as he hurriedly selected a nice, comfortable outfit to wear for his first day: A white buttoned up shirt paired with a light blue sweater vest, a pair of fitted dark blue jeans, and a smoky gray scarf. Oh, how he hated Mondays. After he gathered everything, he found himself and Mathias fighting over who would shower first.

"I woke up first!" Emil declared with confidence, but Mathias easily made him move with his strength. "I'm stronger. Besides," Mathias started with a sly grin, "it would be faster if we showered together." Emil blushed three shades of red, pivoted on his heels, and huffed out, "I'll wait until you are finished. Be quick."

Mathias laughed at Emil's shy side and closed the door behind him. He didn't take too long and exited the steamy bathroom with a pair of light blue jeans, white buttoned up shirt with a few unbutton to show off a teasing amount of his chest, and a red scarf to complete the outfit. Emil ignored the look of Mathias accepting all available compliments and finished his shower in less than four minutes.

"Okay now, where is the classroom?" Mathias asked while rushing towards the elevator. Emil had shorter legs, therefore it was harder for him to keep up with the Dane's speed. Nearly out of breath in the elevator, he read the information from his schedule on the phone aloud. "It's building 6. Room 3234. I'm guessing it's on a third floor. Great. And I have no idea where building 6 is at." Mathias and Emil wasted no time in asking for the directions to the listed building. The Norwegian female student gave them directions and the two students scurried over in the correct direction.

One elevator ride and running footsteps down the hallway later, Mathias and Emil peeped through the window on the door to see students sitting down, but there was no professor. Deciding that this was a good sign, Mathias opened the door and guided Emil in, but stood back for a minute. He had an idea, smirking while formulating a harmless prank in his head.

There were two vacant wooden desks adjacent to each other; they directly in the front of the classroom. Emil raised an eyebrow when he realized that Mathias was absent. Before he could stand up to leave the classroom and find him, the said Danish walked in with a serious facial expression.

"Good morning, class. I will be teaching ya Danish instead of Norwegian. Danish is the most important language in the world," Mathias explained in his native tongue, leaving everyone, including Emil, clueless as to what he was going on about. A few Norwegian students could translate a few words here and there, but he spoke way too fast for them to grasp exactly what he was blurting out.

Mathias was prohibited from introducing himself any further, because someone cleared their throat from the doorway. "Take a seat," the Norwegian professor ordered in Danish, which caused Mathias to twist around to acknowledge him with a small embarrassed gasp.

And oh my goodness, what a sight.

Mathias' face burned a cherry red color as he nodded and claimed the seat next to Emil. A few students snickered at the Dane being reprimanded. Their professor looked like a college student. Maybe he was pranking the prankster?

"Good morning, class. My name is Professor Bondevik." The alluring, mellow voice of an equally attractive, young professor resonated in everyone's ears as he scribbled his name in elegant cursive in snow white chalk against the solid black chalkboard. He departed from the board to place down his Norwegian flag designed mug of coffee on his desk along with the paperwork in his hands. Mathias wanted to hide away in a secret compartment and avoid the subtle glare in his new professor's eyes that was directed at him.

"In this class, you will learn the Norwegian language. By the end of this semester, you will have attained knowledge of effectively conversing, writing, and your comprehension skills in this language will become evident." The eloquence in Professor Bondevik's speech was nearly distracting and the way he removed his jacket sensually to reveal a white buttoned up shirt with blue pinstripes and a black tie caused a majority of the class to swoon.

"Here is the syllabus for my class, which if you desire to pass, you won't lose it," he stated with authority in his voice and started to walk around the classroom of nearly fifteen students, handing the papers out in a nonchalant manner. Shortly after handing them out, all of the students automatically skimmed through the walk-through of the class. Mathias noticed there was contact information and smirked at it. Emil had to force himself from staring too long at his future husband. The Iclander mentally giggled at that thought with no sign of the emotion on his face and focused on actually reading over the syllabus.

"I will take roll as you read over the syllabus," he announced as he returned to his desk to pull out a paper with names. Easily pronouncing them correctly and marking an 'x' next to the missing students, he stuffed the paper back into a red folder and proceeded to commence the lecture.

The moment the professor started to write in cursive against the black chalkboard, all of the students copied what he was writing. As the clacking sound of chalk against the board quickened, Mathias fished through his backpack noisily as he pulled out a notepad, a pen, and started to jot down his least favorite foreign language. Emil was fast at writing and found himself fixated on the professor's astonishing silhouette when his back was turned to the class.

"First we will learn simple introductions," he pointed out the phrases that translated to 'Hello, how are you?' In Norwegian and English on the board, "and during this course, you will discover that I also did you a favor by strengthening your grammar in English." The class was completely silent; nobody planned on interrupting him. Similar thoughts swarm through Mathias' and Emil's minds, which basically boiled down to: 'This professor is fucking hot.'

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><p>AN: Thank you for the reviews for the last chapter. Reviews help

me update faster. Don't forget to put this story on alert and click that favorite button. ;) Please leave a review down below! I would greatly and sincerely appreciate your thoughts or just a simple message. Love you guys!

3. Chapter 3

What Happens in Norway, Stays in Norway

Chapter 3

A/N: Here is a longer chapter since I received a nice amount of reviews for my last two chapters! Please continue to leave your input in the review box at the bottom. Thank you again! Please enjoy!

* * *

><p>The second the Norwegian professor dismissed the class, Mathias and Emil immediately scurried out of the classroom and towards the elevator down the hallway. Once they entered the elevator, Mathias chuckled somewhat, secretly praying that the younger man didn't share the same new interest as he did.<p>

"So, Em, what did you think of Professor Bondevik?" Emil made a noise of surprise; he didn't foresee Mathias asking this personal question. With a light pink blush burning at his cheeks, he shrugged with a small laugh, "He's our professor. Why?" Emil bit the inside of his cheek and glared slightly ahead, "Do you want to fuck him or something?"

Mathias' developing smirk intensified at Emil's apparent jealousy towards the newfound interest in their professor. "Hmmm. Maybe," he stressed the word maybe with an arrogant grin for further effectiveness to irritate the Iclander.

"What?! You are twisted. He's our professor, for fuck's sake!" Emil was not dealing with this competition and quickened his pace towards the student housing building.

"No need to get pissy, Em. Besides, ya wouldn't have a single chance with him, even if ya wished for it." Now Mathias was just being haughty towards his new rival. Deciding to be mature and pay no attention to the Dane, he grumbled something under his breath as he pulled out the key to have access to another hallway. Eventually, they both settled down in their dorm in complete silence. The tension between them was so thick that one would have extreme difficulty cutting through it with a sharp knife.

Emil exhaled audibly to destroy the silence and tension between them. Mathias made a noise of acknowledgement, "Huh?" The Iclander glanced up at the Dane, picked up his cellphone, and searched through his schedule. "Looks like we have yoga with some lady named Elizabeta HÃ©dervÃ©ry," Emil reported followed by a small cough and moved his thumb up against the screen to locate the professor of their general psychology class. "Our last class is going to be taught by Francis Bonnefoy. Sounds like a French guyâ€¦"

Mathias checked the time on his cellphone and realized that they should probably start getting ready and grab a light lunch before

yoga. "Emil, we need to start moving. Yoga is in less than thirty minutes." Honestly, they both needed this yoga class to relax and unwind in the middle of their somewhat busy day.

Emil and Mathias completely forgot to pack yoga mats and the correct clothing for the class. "Fuck, now we have to skip lunch and go buy an outfit from that school store that was near the food court area," Mathias scratched the area next to his right temple with a small headache developing. Emil experienced an identical feeling of stress. "Well, let's go spend money on expensive ass clothes and a yoga mat."

Within five minutes, the two college students rushed into the school store and checked through the clothing racks to find yoga related outfits that would suffice. Mathias purchased a dark blue mat and Emil purchase a deep purple mat. Once they payed for the merchandise, they wasted not a second in speeding towards the gym building where the yoga classes were held.

"Where is the locker room?" Emil questioned the students at the front of the gym entrance and thanked them quickly when they pointed them into the right direction. Upon arriving into the male locker room, they instantly stripped down to their boxer briefs, slipped into their matching black yoga pants. Mathias threw on a white tank top while Emil pulled a gray fitted t-shirt with ease. Not concerned with wearing shoes or socks, they locked their belongings away and pattered their bare feet out of the locker room and in the direction of the yoga studio.

When they entered the studio, they realized that they were not the only students who were late to the class. Additionally, three out of four walls were completely covered with gigantic mirrors. The professor was not even present yet, making Mathias and Emil get the impression that the professors here are not too concerned with punctuality. At least they were not marked as late, considering that is exactly what were- nearly ten minutes late. After a while, a few students started to speak in their native tongue, leaving both of the colleagues in total confusion.

"Good day, class." Mathias and Emil froze at that familiar voice; alluring and mysterious at the same time. They twisted around to witness an unforgettable sight from their yoga mats. The Norwegian professor was clad in a pair of deep indigo yoga pants that embraced his perfectly shaped butt in all of the right ways. His fitted white tank top displayed a tempting outline of his abs and accentuated his attractively strong arms. They were nowhere near the size of Mathias' muscles, but the Dane was a previous football player. Mathias practically drooled at his professor's appearance. Emil's dark lavender eyes simply could not turn away from Lukas' amazing figure. Why was he here anyways? Their professor was a Hungarian female; it was obvious that she was from that country or of that descent because of her last name.

"In case you are currently puzzled why I am here and not your other professor, I must sadly inform that she transferred to another university." Professor Bondevik patted his bare feet over to the front against the mirrored wall. After he flapped the yoga mat out of its prior rolled up shape, he placed it neatly on the smooth wooden floor. Emil and Mathias were stationed directly in the front where eye contact between them and their professor was unavoidable. He

walked over to what appeared to be a device that would play music evenly through the studio. A relaxing melody that was fitting for yoga played and affected everyone with a sigh of relief.

The wheat blonde haired man settled down on his mat, crossed his legs, and sat up straight with a barely noticeable smile. Mathias and Emil were anxious internally at the appearance of their attractive professor and apparently their new yoga teacher.

"Hello, my name is Lukas and I will be your instructor in this relaxing yoga class for the rest of the semester. This is a multi level class. Therefore, if you want to try something different, then feel free to express yourself," His voice was a shocking contrast from that in the Norwegian language class. He continued with a silky voice, "You may not look exactly like your neighbor, but that is okay. Everyone is different in their yoga, exercises, and just life in general. So, today I will guide you through different yoga poses and help you if you are struggling."

Emil could not contain the subtle smirk on his lips at that last part before slowly closing his eyes and focusing on what Lukas was saying in a tranquilizing tone. He started the session with centering themselves and focusing on their breathing. They started to do simple stretching exercises, which Emil planned to purposely mess up in order to gain Lukas' attention. Unfortunately for Emil's plans, the stretching exercises proved to be easy instead of difficult.

"Next, we will do what is called cat and dog." he said as he started to model the exercise for his students by placing his hands and knees against the mat. "First, you need to place your hands and knees evenly on your mat. Then, when you inhale, you look up and allow your belly to drop as you keep your hips raised upwards." He displayed the motion, which caused Mathias to delay in his move because of the naughty looking pose. Emil was a little off balance at first, but composed himself and avoided eye contact with his instructor when their gaze caught each other. Lukas checked all of his other students, "Perfect. Now, when you exhale, you will look down towards your chest and bring your tailbone inwards. Simply curl your body inwards as you exhale." The students followed directions as he told them to repeat it until he halted them. He continued with more stretching exercises before he proceeded to teach them a more advanced pose.

During this pose, Emil fell over by 'accident' with an echoing boom and Lukas hurried over to his student. "Are you okay?" He asked, concerned as he helped the student to a sitting position. Emil nodded, trying his best to hold down a blush at the beauty before his eyes. "I need help with this one though," Emil said in an innocent voice, which irked the Dane to no extent. He was just trying to get Lukas to touch him! Clever. _Well played Emil, well played._

Lukas carefully instructed the Iclander, "Start off slowly with downwards dog, Emil. Relax and breathe." The way he said his name was normal to others around, but he took it as something else since he was infatuated with his teacher. Emil experimented, shaking a little and managed to maintain his balance. It was obviously difficult to breathe correctly when your face felt like it was on fire.

"Next, drop your right heel, slide the left leg up, and inhale as you lift your right leg up towards the ceiling and then-" Emil

interrupted off his words with him losing his composure and leaning to the right too far. Lukas quickly grabbed him by his slender midsection with both of his hands to level his balance. Emil was on fire inside at the bodily contact that Lukas gave him.

"Remember to engage your muscles and breathe while you change poses. Keep focused." Emil nodded in understanding, lifting his right leg up and turning his body to open up towards the mirrored wall. He bent his leg some and held his balance for about five seconds. Lukas clapped for him with a smile- a smile that Mathias was fighting for- and praised his student. He returned back to his mat and continued on with his lesson.

"Now, for the remaining time that we have, lay on your backs and sink into your mats as you breathe deeply. I will come around the room and give you a small massage. If you don't want me to touch you, then put your arms across your chest to let me know," he said as he squirted a small amount of lavender scented lotion onto the palm of his left hand and rubbed the lotion in to moisten his skin. It was an herbal aroma that he bought last week to help him relax.

Mathias was beyond excited to hear that Lukas was willing to give them a massage. He assumed that he was going to be first to be massaged, but he heard the patting of Lukas' footsteps descend towards the back of the room. "Keep your eyes closed and relax your faces as I walk around the room."

There were a few students that rejected the notion of being massaged, but that was definitely not an option for Mathias and Emil. Finally, Mathias heard the footsteps grow closer and relaxed at the feeling on smooth yet chilly fingertips massaging his temples and the feeling of Lukas' form hovering over his body. He couldn't help the excitement in his pants as he felt Lukas' face grow closer so he could reach behind to massage the area where the head and neck are connected together. Lukas' eyes partially widened at the evident bulge in Mathias' pants as he leaned back to stand up straight and move onto his last student.

His words of relaxation carried throughout the studio even though he wasn't exactly yelling. "Allow yourself to just melt into your mat, relax your shoulders, legs, and just loosen up anything that feels tense."

Emil was extremely tensed up when he felt the presence of Lukas above him. His lips were trembling and his heart was racing as Lukas massaged his temples and slowly massaged his cheeks down to his jaw. "Relax. Don't tense up so much," Lukas reminded him in a whispered voice. Emil's heart skipped two beats and he sucked in a breath of air as his eyes shot open to watch Lukas walk away. His hips were swaying desirably before he bent over to settle back down on his mat. Now his cheeks were definitely burning a deep shade of red. The sound of Lukas' mellow voice was comforting and this made him develop stronger feelings.

"Now, sit up and gently open your eyes," he instructed his students, whom were half asleep or had fallen asleep. Once everyone was sitting up straight with closed eyes, Lukas picked up a small book full of inspirational excerpts from other books assorted into one. The words that fell out of his mouth provoked the students to find peace within themselves. Shortly after he finished, he informed everyone that he

would be back tomorrow at the same time.

When two o'clock rolled around, Mathias and Emil went to their last class- general psychology with Professor Bonnefoy.

'This should be interesting to say the least,' Emil thought as he claimed a seat near the back. He watched in annoyance as Mathias followed him to sit down. "There are so many desks empty. Why do you have to sit next to me?"

Mathias waved him off with a grin, "Awww come on, Em. I won't bite!" He trailed off before winking, "too hard." Rolling his eyes and resisting to the urge to retort, Emil decided to ignore the Dane as the professor strolled in. The second he started speaking, nearly everyone could distinguish that he was French.

"Bonjour, my future psychiatrists!" He waved with a wink at the relatively small class of twenty students. A few of the students laughed at the lame joke and proceeded to take out their notebooks to jot down any important information.

"My name is Francis Bonnefoy. Ohohoho, just refer to me as Francis though," he laughed a creepy laugh before taking roll. There was a British student who continued to insult the French professor and received insults back. Emil found it funny how they were bickering back and forth. Maybe he could figure out why they were arguing about such frivolous things the more he learned in psychology.

Soon after their psychology class ended, Mathias and Emil walked back together to the student housing building to simply relax after their rather intriguing class of psychology.

The very moment the two colleagues settled down on their beds, Mathias instantly shattered the silence. He could not resist anymore, climbing off of his bed, and approaching the lightly snoozing Iclander.

"You like him, don't ya?" Mathias interrogated his slowly rising roommate with a perceptible amount of jealousy in his voice. Emil grunted when Mathias unexpectedly pulled him forward to kiss him for two seconds. Emil choked back a series of repulsive words after wiping his mouth with the back of his sleeve. "What the hell is wrong with you!" Mathias smirked, placing his large hand on the smaller man's left thigh that was covered up with his soft blanket.

"I think ya should stay in yer own lane, Em. Lukas would never see ya in that light." Emil huffed out and then sent him a sly smile, "Who has he touched the most so far then?"

And that is what made Mathias finally break into anger. "Don't make me fight ya, Em. Don't say such stupid things," he warned him as he departed from the dorm altogether to take a break and prevent any form of violence.

Sighing out at the feeling of Mathias' absence, Emil reeled out his cellphone and opened his Facebook app. He usually just scrolled through his news feed mindlessly and chuckled at a couple posts and various memes. His thoughts wandered casually to images of Lukas assisting him with his poses in yoga and the way he massaged his face with his chilly, soft fingertips.

As he closed the app, his previous tired eyes widened at an idea, and swiftly opened it back to type in his professor's name. He knew that Facebook stalking was not exactly smiled upon, but he _had _to know if his efforts were worth it. He sensed a feeling of dread when he tried to locate his relationship status, but failed to locate the information. He wasn't going to give up.

No, Emil refused to be a quitter. Nothing ventured was nothing gained.

He searched through the scarce amount of photos with an aggravated exhale. The only picture that was willing to make an appearance was a picture of a Norwegian flag designed coffee mug. It was his profile picture as well. How creative. That was the same exact mug that he was drinking from this morning.

"Oh well, I will figure out a way to-" Emil's whispers to himself were silenced when Mathias returned back with a smile on his face. Just what was he thinking?

* * *

><p>AN: Hmmm... What will happen next? (; Stay tuned! Love you guys and thank you for your continued support!

4. Chapter 4

What Happens in Norway, Stays in Norway

Chapter 4

* * *

><p>"Emil, I think I'm going to try out for the football team here." Emil nodded with a careless shrug, "Good for you." Mathias was a previous football player at their university back home, so he wasn't too surprised by the announcement. Although, he was still vexed by Mathias' previous actions. How dare he kiss him and then threaten him like that? He really had quite the nerve to do that in Emil's opinion.<p>

Shortly after his announcement, Mathias retreated from the vicinity and decided to inquire about the try outs for his favorite sport. Meanwhile, in the dorm, Emil searched all over the internet in desperation to extract some information on his desirable professor. Alas, his efforts were fruitless and proved to be more so in vain.

Over the next two weeks, Mathias had become a football player at the university and even convinced Emil to join the fraternity with him. At first he was skeptical, because he heard so many strange stories about fraternities. He went to a few of the meetings and understood a few words that the Norwegian students were exchanging. It was frustrating though, considering that he could only understand maybe ten words and four or five phrases since he started learning the language from his fascinating professor.

Nevertheless, the last two weeks were nonstop and flew by like a

bird.

Currently, he was busy walking to the library to find a selection of novels to ease his mind on the weekends when the members of the fraternity did not meet up. He was buried deep in his thoughts as he walked through the aisles of books. He checked the signs that indicated which books were stocked in that particular section.

'I kinda want to read a romantic novelâ€|' He smiled softly to himself when he located the area of romance novels. Carefully browsing through the titles, he found a book about two male lovers that had to do everything in their power to become official as a couple. He continued to browse and pulled out a book on how to effectively flirt with someone. He literally felt like he was a hopeless romantic at this point. About five books varying from romance to angst and comedy later, Emil stepped out of the aisle and stumble backwards when he knocked into someone and dropped his carefully selected books. The other person apologized, bending down to pick up one of the books.

It was his professor!

And the man was looking at the books that he chose.

How embarrassing_!

"Wait! Professor Bondevik, I can ex-explain," he stuttered loudly as he examined the expression of confusion on Lukas' face.

"I don't judge," was the only thing that Lukas whispered out. Silently handing the books back to the younger male, his professor simply coughed uncomfortably and walked away. Emil mentally beat himself up as his frown deepened. Great. How was he supposed to redeem himself now?

Emil decided to quietly follow his professor and denied the fact that he was a professional stalker. 'I'm just doing simple field research. Yeah,' he mentally convinced himself, 'Just some research. Nothing moreâ€|' With increased confidence, Emil briskly walked in the direction where Lukas was heading earlier. As soon as he was within earshot of Lukas, he attempted to behave casually.

"Emil?" His professor caught him staring from behind one of the book shelves and raised an eyebrow. "Do you need something?" The Iclander wanted to sink into the ground and escape this humiliating and stressful situation. He opened his mouth to respond, but his mind went completely blank. "No, I was just looking for a friend," he made up an excuse to hopefully trick Lukas. Despite his wishful thinking, Lukas was not born yesterday. Deciding to give his fretful student a break, he nodded as he turned back to reading a book of his own. Emil desperately wanted to see which book he was engrossed in. Emil didn't say another word as he twisted around to leave.

"Professor Lukas!" Mathias called out, causing Emil to falter in his steps. He heard Lukas make a noise of acknowledgement. Emil crept down, peering through a gap between the books and listened closely. "Hey, I was gonna ask if you could help me with my Norwegian." Emil gritted his teeth when he heard Mathias make Lukas chuckle softly. "Take a seat and we can go over what you are having a difficulty with," Lukas explained in Danish, which made Mathias smile widely and

Emil steam from his ears.

As much as Emil wanted to tell Mathias to get the fuck away from his 'future husband', he would rather not scare Lukas off with jealousy. He would just have to act cool as a cucumber around Lukas from this point forward to show that he was mature and not seem like a child. A man child like Mathias.

The Icелander curled up a sofa in the library, opened the book on how to flirt, and sighed out as he started to mentally take notes. He would win Lukas' heart; he just needed to try harder. He couldn't focus on the book he was reading and decided to go back and eavesdrop on Mathias and Lukas.

Meanwhile, Mathias was feeling extra comfortable around Lukas, especially since they were conversing in Danish and then converting it into Norwegian. The languages were similar, but sometimes he had a hard time learning a new language. If he had never met Lukas, he would have had absolutely no interest in the language.

The reason why he enrolled in a Norwegian language course was to simply be able to communicate with the locals if necessary. He found it relatively easier to read and write, but understanding it in spoken context proved to be difficult.

"I somewhat read and write Norwegian, but when I hear it," Mathias feigned an expression of disappointment and sat back somewhat and unbuttoned one of the buttons on his shirt to show the other a hint of his strong chest, "I'm clueless, Professor." Lukas gulped uneasily and averted his dark indigo eyes at something else. "If you want to learn Norwegian, then I suggest that you focus on what is important," Lukas indirectly reprimanded the Dane for trying to seduce him. It wasn't going to work on him.

Mathias was embarrassed at being called out on what he was trying to do inconspicuously, however, it backfired on him instead.

Before they could exchange any further words, a woman, who might have been six years older than the professor, approached them and smile at Lukas. "Lukas, I need to speak to you in private." Mathias felt awkward suddenly as Lukas excused himself.

He turned back at Mathias and said, "Just come by my office tomorrow. It should be listed on the syllabus. Have a good day." And just like that, the two professors walked away and vanished out of sight.

Emil seized this opportunity to reveal himself from the shadows and confront his roommate. "Really?" Emil asked as he stood before Mathias with a scowl, "You really think that seducing him will get him in bed with you?" Chuckling lowly, Mathias combed his fingers through his spiky golden blonde hair and merely nodded, "That is my goal. He is flexible, too. I bet he is good in bed." Without thinking, Emil blurted out, "Yeah, well he has a girlfriend!" This made Mathias frown, "What the fuck are you talking about, Em?" Now it was Emil's turn to chuckle, "What? Haven't you seen that woman before?" Mathias shook his head slowly with the small frown deepening, "No. I thought she might have been just another professor."

"No, I seen them eating lunch together and flirting!" Emil was now

believing his own lie and shook his head. "It's no use in trying to flirt or anything. He's straight." Mathias was far from excited now and he hunched over with sadness in his ocean blue eyes. He could not believe this for a second. Unfortunately, at the same time, he could believe it. He really didn't seem stereotypically homosexual. He slammed his fist on the table before rising up to his feet. Emil genuinely felt distressed; he didn't anticipate that Mathias would react like this.

"Can you at least keep me company, Em?" Mathias asked with melancholy laced in his voice. The Icелander nodded before he was pulled into a bone crushing embrace. His face was pressed against the tall Dane's chest. "Let's go," Mathias suggested all of a sudden when they parted from their hug. Feeling extremely guilty inside, Emil followed his roommate and forgot about the books that he wanted to check out.

Another week slipped by quicker than expected and the two colleagues had decreased their rivalry to obtain Lukas' attention. There were a few days that Emil witnessed Lukas sitting with another man at the coffee shop on campus. Last week, he discovered through his excellent stalking skills that Lukas was in fact homosexual. The woman that he had talked to that day was actually his boss. Mathias continued to presume that Lukas was dating that woman and this made him feel hopeless.

"Mathias, wake up!" Emil shouted as he violently shook the snoozing Danish man awake. Mathias was indeed enraged that the Icелander would rudely wake him up in such a fashion. "I don't feel like going to class today. I hate Norwegian." He was still bitter from the information he learned last week. Emil was not going to disclose the truth to his Danish friend just yet, considering that he was still his rival. "It doesn't matter. Get up. You've missed too many days. Plus, it's Friday."

Eventually, Mathias rolled out of bed with a few complaints under his breath. Emil gave a satisfied smirk, watching him find some clothes to change into after he took a shower. While Mathias was in the shower, Emil decided to place some type of flat pastries inside of a toaster that he had in the kitchen right outside of their dorm.

"I thought you left without me for a second!" Mathias roared with laughter to conceal his disappointment. He decided in the shower that he would have a good day and not fret over his professor having someone already.

Emil perked up, feeling like a smart ass and laughed. "Oh, no. That might have been a good idea, though." Mathias brushed this sarcastic remark off and maintain a silly grin. They consumed their small breakfast and left the building to go to their Norwegian language class.

The students were practicing their Norwegian with the students that already knew the language since they were children. When Mathias and Emil arrived, the incredibly appealing professor was already in there. "Good morning," Emil greeted Lukas in Norwegian with a sheepish smile when he and Mathias claimed their assigned seats. Mathias' smile was slowly disappearing as he watched Emil trying to gain Lukas' attention.

"Good morning, Emil. How are you?" Lukas asked back in Norwegian and started to pull out the attendance sheet.

"I...I am good? And you?" He was not that confident when he replied and asked the question.

"Good, I'm glad that you are at least attempting Norwegian. Now, tell your friend to study harder for me in English." Emil just stared with widened eyes at Lukas with highlighted confusion all over his face.

"I don't understand what you are saying" He confessed in Icelandic, trying to make his intelligent professor share his confusion.

Lukas glanced up slightly before organizing his papers on his desk, "I can understand you just fine. I'm not stupid, dear student." Emil covered his face that was burning with humiliation and hurriedly apologized to Lukas.

"I'm going to take roll now, so make sure you acknowledge me or you will be marked as absent," he informed the students who had never made a memorable impression thus far. He said Mathias and Emil's names quickly and moved onto the other students.

Their class was surprisingly short- only 25 minutes- and the students were informed that he had an appointment to go to. Mathias spoke up with his grin plastered on his face, "Will we still attend yoga then? Or can we skip that class?"

Lukas planted his hands on his hips with a small smirk, "Don't get your hopes up too high. I'll be there for yoga, Mathias." The Dane nodded, smiling sheepishly. Emil glanced over at his rival with his lips drawing right into a thin line.

After the short class ended with mostly Lukas talking about random events going on in Norway, the students went about their days. The pair of college students walked to the food court area to grab something to eat and then returned back to their dorm to obtain some more sleep.

During yoga, Emil continued to lose balance and was thankful that Lukas was touching him. In actuality, the yoga instructor was stabilizing him in a professional manner. There was nothing more than just the ethical relationship between professor and student.

"Professor Lukas, could you help me?" Mathias asked as he pretended that he was unable to perform a specific pose of warrior. "You can turn this foot," he pointed at the Dane's right foot, "and that will help your balance." When Mathias turned his foot, he pushed himself in a clumsy manner in the direction of his professor and placed his hands on the smaller man's shoulders. "Sorry!" He nearly shouted with an embarrassed grin and watched Lukas look away before returning back to his mat. "I need everyone to work on your balance before you go to sleep at night."

Emil pushed Mathias harshly when they left the yoga class. "Why do you keep touching him? I thought I told you that he had a girlfriend." The Dane laughed knowingly, "Heh, sure he does. I'm not

dumb Emil. I saw the light blush on his cheeks when I fell into him." Emil couldn't resist rolling his eyes, "Just don't get upset when he rejects you. I told you so."

"Looks like _somebody _is jealous," he snickered at the heated Iclander. "Whatever," he muttered as they prepared for their last class of the day.

"I have an announcement to make! Ohohohoho!" Everyone couldn't contain their snickers at the silly French psychology professor. "Tonight, there will be a party at the frat housing area. It starts at 8; bring your own beer!"

Mathias roared with excitement along with the other frat guys and sorority girls. "Hell yeah!" Emil grimaced at Mathias' constant hollers of agreement and sighed out. He didn't know if he wanted to go or not. Knowing Mathias and his party animal side, it was inevitable.

Eight o'clock rolled around faster than expected and the two colleagues stood before the door and knocked. There were some students on the lawn with various alcoholic drinks in their hands. The music was pumping inside the house once they entered. Mathias and Emil accepted the hugs from their fraternity friends and were given ice cold beers.

Mathias, of course, drained two or three Norwegian beers and offered to play a game of beer pong. A few of his rowdy friends played against him while the surrounding college students were cheering on the two tipsy opponents.

"Come on, Matty!" One of the guys on Mathias' 'team' shouted as the white ping pong ball spun around the lip of the cup and flew out of it unexpectedly. His opponent was riding out a lucky streak and won the game. "Hah! That was just beginner's luck, man!" The Dane barked with laughter and pushed away from the group to dance with some random girls.

On the other side of the room, Emil had sipped on his first beer with a slight grimace at the taste. He would have rather stayed back at his dorm. With a tired sigh, he placed his barely touch beer on the table next to him and watched everyone having fun. Two tall girls in clothes that were far from modest shimmied over to the lonely Iclander and started to talk to him- or at least tried.

"It's fine," he brushed them off politely with a smile, "I'm just making sure my friend will be okay." The excitedly tipsy girls squealed at the Iclander's kindness and attempted to pull him up from the couch he was nestled on. He sweetly declined their offer and departed from the pair of sorority girls.

Nearly half an hour later, Mathias cooled down from the alcohol and danced without a care. His favorite song started playing and his ocean blue eyes traveled around the room of people and set on the Iclander.

"Mathias, stop acting like a fool!" Emil shouted out over the palpitating musical beats from the surround sound stereo. Mathias danced his way over to Emil with a gigantic grin on his face.

"Awww, Em. Yer so shy," he whispered the last part against the frozen in place man near the black and white couch. The place was crowded with dancing intoxicated students, who didn't witness the Dane advancing on Emil.

"You had five- too many drinks!" He grunted as he was pushed backwards onto the couch. Mathias hovered over the pissed off Iclander, holding him down and leaned in closely. Emil's face scrunched up at the putrid scent of alcohol staining Mathias' breath.

Emil thought that Mathias was going to suffocate him with a kiss, however, someone pulled him off with some difficulty. "Hey, big guy! You need to take a break." It was a random college student that was also a football player. Emil mouthed a "thank you" before escaping the uncomfortable situation. He accidentally knocked into a group of four towering women and apologized to the one that spilt beer on her skimpy pink dress.

Emil was really not satisfied with this party and he knew he didn't want to go to begin with, but Mathias always has a way with his words. He glanced back at his foolish friend who was drinking nothing but water from a jug that one of his teammates handed him. He decided to stay there to prevent Mathias from doing something outrageous.

By the end of the night, Emil found himself assisting Mathias through the front yard and carefully pushing him into the taxi that he called ten minutes prior. The taxi driver was definitely accustomed to this drunken behavior and brushed it off. However, Emil was not used to Mathias behaving this way after a couple of drinks; well, more than a couple- more like seven drinks throughout the night.

"Emil, why are ya lookin' at me that way?" Mathias slurred some of his words and felt his eyes slipping closed and opening partially. Emil shook his head silently, sighed out, and tried to create distance between them in the backseat as the taxi drove towards their campus.

"Thank you," Emil said as he handed the required amount of money into the taxi driver's hand. Next, he had to deal with the drunk Dane and he wasn't looking forward to that.

"Just a few more steps and we will be back in the room!" Emil tried to be quiet since the other students were asleep or trying to fall asleep. It was well past midnight anyways.

Eventually convincing the Dane that he would be okay and to just go to sleep, Emil settled down on his bed and turned out the lights. He would just wash their bedding tomorrow since tonight was only meant for sleeping.

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><p>AN: Reviews are welcomed as always guys!

5. Chapter 5

What Happens in Norway, Stays in Norway

Chapter 5

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><p>Sunlight peaked through the blinds of the large window between their beds and illuminated the dorm in a vertical stripped patterns against the sandy tan carpet and over their bodies, which effectively roused them from their sleep. Emil groaned at the achy feeling in his body, twisted over to blindly search for his cellphone, and sighed out when he looked at the time. They basically slept the entire day away. It was two in the afternoon. How does that even happen?<p>

Mathias slowly sat up, clutching his head with a twisted facial expression. "Whatâ€¦ Shit, my head hurts." He turned to look at the other and asked, "What time is it, Em?" The Iclander held up two fingers as he tiredly slid off of his bed. "Damn, last night was crazy." Emil heard the Dane give a satisfied chuckle. Almost instantly, he mocked his laugh and said, "For you. You didn't have to deal with a drunk idiot." Mathias laughed at the younger man, "Maybe you shouldn't be such a sober stick in the mud and learn to party," he grinned and stabbed his thumb at his exposed chest, "like me!"

Scoffing with a roll of his light indigo eyes, he departed for the shower and forgot his clothes. Mathias decided to strip the bedding off of their beds, as a gesture of thanks to Emil for looking after him last night.

Since the day was already halfway over, Emil suggested that he should go to the store, but Mathias offered to go and buy them food to eat. Shrugging, Emil fell back onto his bed and nodded, "If you insist." Mathias refused to stay inside despite his light hangover from last night. Emil deserved to relax since he was probably worried the entire time at the party. He wasn't sure, though. He was out of it with all of the alcohol rushing down his throat.

When Mathias arrived at the supermarket, he thought it would be a smart idea to buy a motorbike to ride through the snowy terraces. Upon entering the place, he grabbed himself a cart and strolling through the aisles. He started to drift into his thoughts and nearly collided with a shopper. He moved onwards and located the necessities that go with everything. He filled up his cart and didn't acknowledge the fact that he would have a difficult time walking all the way back to the university and lugging it into the elevator crammed with other students.

This thought didn't occur to him until he was in the checkout line. After he paid for his merchandise, he wheeled the cart outside and cursed loudly at not thinking it through.

"Mathias?" Lukas called out as he wheeled his cart alongside of the Dane's cart of groceries. "Are you okay?" Mathias blushed at the Norwegian's concern and he shook his head, "Not really. I didn't think it through. I can't carry all of this back to my dorm." Mathias was in a conflicting situation and didn't feel like returning everything just to go home empty handed and end up starving.

"I'll give you a ride back," he offered in a tranquil tone of voice and pushed his cart as a signal to go. Mathias was thankful for two

things. One, his hot professor helping him out. Two, he was sitting in the passenger seat next to his professor. He had to restrain himself from grabbing the hand that was rest in Lukas' lap. Apparently, he wasn't the only one who drove casually with one hand on the steering wheel.

The drive was literally five minutes away in driving distance and Mathias couldn't form any words the entire drive there. Lukas was just as silent, turning on some bossa nova jazz to ease the tension building up.

It wasn't until Lukas parked his car in the parking lot where the students living on campus parked their cars, that Mathias spoke up. "Professor, I was wonderingâ€¦" He started to trail off, making Lukas curious as to why his student was trying to say. "Yes?" He urged him to continue.

"I think I will need more help with Norwegian." With an understanding smile, Lukas informed Mathias of the office hours and how they could plan accordingly. Before Mathias could say anything else, the incessant vibrations of his crimson cellphone alarmed them.

Without second guessing, the Dane swiftly rejected Emil's persistent phone calls, opened the door, and rounded the car to remove his groceries from the trunk. "Could you help me bring these up to my dorm?" Mathias sent his uneasy looking professor a pleading smile. Lukas had this eerie feeling that he probably should not be this personal with one of his students. He was just being helpful; Nothing more, nothing less.

"Okay," was the only word Lukas uttered before he killed the ignition, followed around to the trunk, and lifted a few bags of groceries. After there were no more smoky gray plastic bags containing food remaining, he shifted the bags over to his left arm in order to slam the trunk down securely. Mathias shifted the bags slightly and reached for his key as they entered the building from the side. They opted for the elevators instead of the stairs.

Right before Mathias could unlock the door to his dorm, Emil swung the door open with an irritated frown. "Why were yo-" He cut himself off when he noticed that Lukas, his stunning professor, was holding the bags of groceries next to Mathias.

"Professor? Wait- What is going on here? I mean- Oh! Haha, you got the groceries!" He was overwhelmingly flustered and jealous at the same time at the sight of his object of desire standing beside his smirking rival.

"I'm just helping him." That was Lukas' only clarification as to why he was present with his student. Emil smiled sweetly at him, "Thank you, Professor." Lukas nodded, handing the grocery bags to Emil and turned away with a wave of his hand. "Have a good weekend," he bid his farewell in a professional manner as Mathias passed through the threshold of the door. They both said goodbye at the same time and then once Lukas had walked away and out of sight, Emil slammed the door shut, huffed out at Mathias, and formed an accusatory expression on his face.

"Yeah, we fucked in the frozen food section. You should have seen the look on his face as I released-" Emil shoved the bragging Dane back,

cutting off his sentence, and grumbled loudly. "Fuck you, Mathias!" Emil was definitely losing this war, however, he might have the chance to redeem himself later on down the road.

Mathias nearly tumbled to the ground, clutching his stomach as his glimmering blue eyes moistened slightly from his intense laughter. "Lukas cried out to me to pound him harder!" Emil knew that Mathias was just being a jerk, although the thought made his blood boil.

"Whatever. Be immature. I'm leaving," he stated firmly, abandoning Mathias to store all of the groceries away himself as he stalked off towards the front door. He needed a breath of fresh air; being cooped up with Mathias for such long periods of time was resulting in conflict. "Stay away from Lukas!" Emil couldn't resist rolling his light indigo eyes at the warning that Mathias gave him. "Thanks for the idea. I think I will go fuck him before you!" Emil retorted before forcing the door shut behind him, muffling any responses from him.

Lost in his meddling thoughts, Emil sighed out a breath of mist from the chilly late winter weather. Checking his calendar on his cellphone, he was surprised to see that Valentine's Day was approaching sooner than he expected. With a low hum, he smiled to himself with the knowledge of who he wanted to express his love to next Saturday.

Stepping into the cafe was similar to entering a heaven filled with an endless amount of coffee and the aroma that accompanies it. Speaking of heaven, Emil's eyes landed on who he thought wouldn't be present. It was Saturday after all. 'I'm sure he doesn't live on campus?' The Icелander thought quietly to himself as if someone were to hear his thoughts. Sheepishly approaching his professor, Emil faltered in his footsteps when a man around his age with golden brown hair embraced the smiling Norwegian, plopped down on the chair adjacent to him, and handed him a grande size of coffee. Apparently, his professor favored coffee, because the man blew on it once and gulp down the burning hot liquid without a flinch. "I've missed you, Lukas!" The man had a Romanian accent that he could distinguish from anywhere and this caused a hint of jealousy to infuse inside of him. He desired that smile. With a noisy sigh, Emil walked over to the line of students and continued to steal glances over at the pair of older men laughing.

"Good afternoon," the barista greeted the temperamental Icелander with a tiny frown on his lips, "What would you like, sir?" Emil muttered his order with a sigh and this peaked the barista's attention. "Is there something wrong?" She asked as she accepted his credit card and slid it through the reader. "No, there's nothing wrong." She decided not to probe any further then that since the line of customers were increasing. "I hope you feel better. Remember, things will get better." Emil smiled somewhat at the nice lady, "Thank you." She nodded and turned her attention to the next person that was trying to order.

Waiting impatiently for his strawberry banana smoothie, his eyes couldn't control studying his professor and the man obviously flirting with him. "Strawberry banana smoothie for Emil!" One of the baristas shouted out unnecessarily loud, which grab a few glances nearby. "Thank you," he mumbled as he grabbed the drink off of the

counter. Wondering if he should interfere or not, he thought back to Mathias spending time with him and mustered up the courage to talk to his professor. If Mathias could do it so easily, so could he.
Right?

Clearing his throat nervously, he shook internally with shyness and effectively captured both of their undivided attention. "Oh, hello, Emil. Can I help you with something?" Lukas really didn't want to deal with his students right now, especially on his days off.

"Um, uh... H-Hello!" He stuttered over any word that he wanted to force out, "I just wanted to say hi." Emil mentally facepalmed at what generated from his fretful brain to his mouth. That is not what he wanted to say to his lovely teacher.

The silence between the three of them was quite uncomfortable and the Romanian man shattered the tension. "Are you one of Lukas' students?" Emil nodded sharply with a blush heating on his cheeks; his eyes started to water slightly from the overwhelming focus on him. "You're cute," the man with the eastern European accent winked at the trembling Iclander then took a sip of his herbal tea. Lukas stared at Emil, carefully eyeing his student's reaction to his flirty friend's compliment. "Thanks?" He replied, shuffling his feet skittishly and evading Lukas' speculating gaze.

"So... I guess I'll leave now," he excused himself with little beads of sweat forming on his forehead from a mixture of embarrassment. If only that other guy wasn't in the picture, then he could have had coffee with him.

After he left the vicinity, the Romanian man chuckled at Lukas' composed expression, showing a hint of his teeth and sharp canine teeth. "It looks like someone has a crush on you, Lukas." Lukas rolled his eyes at his best friend, "Shut it, Vlad." Vlad couldn't contain his chuckles as he slapped his thigh and placed the cup of herbal tea on the table in front of them. "He's not much younger than you. Why don't you give him a try?" Lukas' eyes shot wide open, "Are you daft? He's one of my students. I'm not going to date a student." The Romanian chuckled in a sneaky style, "I can see the look in your eyes, Lukas. You were staring at the guy." Slamming down his cup of coffee, Lukas glared slightly at his best friend, "I have no interest in any of my students."

"Even if they are cute? And already interested in you?"

Lukas' mouth twisted to the side with his mysterious dark blue eyes hardening, "Even if he is cute. He is still my student."

"Okay," Vlad said in a sing-song tone, calling the Norwegian's bluff, "I've known you long enough to see through your denial, my dear friend."

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><p>AN: Love you guys and thank you for your continued support! There will be more DenNor, NorIce, and eventually DenNorIce. Stay tuned and drop me a review please! What would you like to see more of? For example, any lemons? Is it progressing too slow or a decent speed? Let me hear what you have to say! I love feedback from my readers. Please no 'bashing' or 'flaming' though~ :)

End
file.